

Maryknoll

THE FIELD AAR



SEPTEMBER 1949



KOREAN GOCART—There are no gocarts in Korea, but Baby travels on Mother's back. More than half the mothers in the world carry their babies thus. In Asia and Africa, Junior really gets to know his Mama!



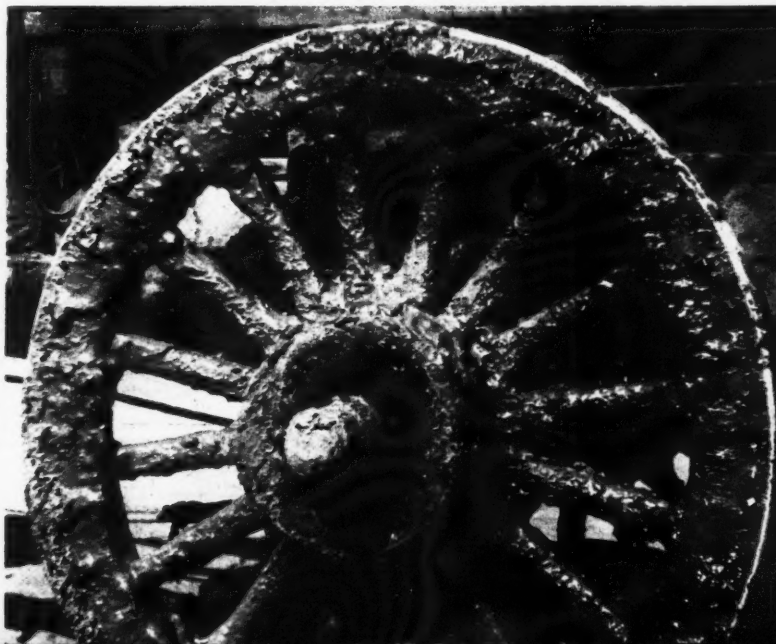
Why China Starves

Sixty Million
Burden Carriers
Give the Answer

by John F. Donovan

THE AMERICAN ENGINEER, just arrived from the fertile Kiangsi plains to the north of our Maryknoll mission of Kaying, was right when he said: "Any way you look at it, Father, the main problem here in China is transportation."

He had been watching with sad eyes the almost endless lines of starv-





These human dray horses, despite their back-breaking labors, are not a cheap means of transportation. It costs more to ship a ton of grain in this fashion than by modern truck or rail. Here is one reason why China starves.

ing refugees filing into the mission compound to get bowls of thin rice gruel. And he had heard me say that there was a hopeless shortage of rice for the increased population of our densely populated Hakka hills.

I had visited Kiangsi Province and I knew the engineer was right when he said that there seemed to be plenty of rice in the fields two hundred miles to the north. But—how get it down to the great starving hordes to the south? Yes, there was, and is, the problem. The region has no river, no railroad, no air lines; only one uncertain, unpaved mountain road. The drivers of the few worn-out trucks that were used to transport

rice over that dirt road took their lives in their hands. And after the washout of a wooden bridge, the people reverted completely to their three-thousand-year-old system of carrying food in bags or baskets hanging from the ends of a five-foot, bamboo stick, called a *tamm* pole.

Three fifths of the country's produce is moved in this way, on the enduring, calloused shoulders of its people. And the carriers travel not on rails, not on highways, but over rough mountain paths. Until you have seen a woman or a child on a steep mountain path, straining under a hundred-weight of rice, you cannot fully understand China's

twentieth-century problem about which we speak.

Most of China's beaten tracks of trade are the same today as they were two thousand years ago, though its population has increased a hundredfold. The lifeblood of the nation flows, not along veins of steel rail or concrete pavement, but in isolated dirt-path veins, unconnected with the great central arteries. Because manpower transport is the norm, each locality must try to be self-sufficient.

Three fifths of all produce must be sold locally in near-by markets. The skillful Chinese farmer knows that a surplus of grain finds him unable to transport his crop to a distant market that is desperately in need of it; while a shortage finds him equally unable to import from distant areas of abundance.

We have often observed how the lack of rail and truck roads forces our people of Kwangtung Province, in normal times, to import rice from Burma and Siam, even though the bordering provinces of Fukien and Kiangsi have more rice than they can consume!

**Methods old in the
time of Christ are
20th century ways
in retarded China.**

A Chinese merchant in a large seaport said, not long ago, that he uses Dakota (U.S.A.) wheat in his flour mill. When asked about the great wheat fields of Shantung, he replied that, because of inadequate transportation facilities, it costs more to bring China's wheat a few hundred miles than it does to import wheat from across the Pacific.

This is not too difficult to under-



stand, if we study a rather exaggerated example. Let us say that merchants in Shanghai buy a thousand tons of Dakota wheat, or 2,000,000 pounds. This is loaded on twenty freight cars and is sped to the Pacific Coast. There it is poured into the hold of a grain ship, to journey some 5,000 miles over the ocean to Shanghai. Transportation from Dakota to Shanghai costs money, but not as much as the alternative would.

Let us suppose that the Shanghai merchants were to decide to buy the same thousand tons of grain in China, only two hundred miles from modern communications. These 2,000,000 pounds would have to be loaded in sacks of 100 pounds each, and placed on the backs of 20,000 men. These carriers, if they trudged twenty miles a day, would take ten days to complete their journey. What a huge sum it would cost to pay the wages and to feed this army of 20,000, for its ten-day march and its return to

OUR ADDRESS?

It's Easy!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.

the point of departure—even though each man would receive but a pittance!

I have watched for many years the food and fuel of China's millions

being carried on the strong shoulders of its patient people. I have observed the carriers' rhythmic sway as they jogged along level pathways, and their slow-tottering pace as they staggered with strained faces up or down hills. Now I can easily understand what the little Chinese girl meant when she replied to my question about the nature of heaven. She answered, without a moment's hesitation, "Heaven is a place where one doesn't have to carry anything."

Were China to enjoy peace, great progress could be made in removing the burden of transportation from the shoulders of its people. The Chinese people have the ingenuity to adapt modern transportation to their country's particular conditions. Until they are able to do so, countless millions of Chinese will starve.

Faith Through a Shovel



THE NURSE told Father Leo J. Steinbach that Mr. Kamada would soon die. He was a poor, unvisited patient in a Kyoto hospital ward. Father Steinbach on his next visit drew up a chair to Mr. Kamada's bed and was surprised to find him very friendly and quite ready for baptism. "I was hoping you would stop," the sick man said. "Years ago I helped dig the basement for Bishop Byrne's church here, and I have always had his religion in mind."

"Our Bald and Empty Hill"

by Albert E. Good

BISHOP. BLOMJOUS and Father Collins have chosen me to begin a long-delayed project for the Luo tribe. I have been instructed to start a new mission at Masonga, which lies in our Maryknoll territory in Tanganyika, British East Africa.

Last Tuesday I went out to the site of the new mission. The government approved the location and started to charge taxes immediately: \$2 a year. The site is beautifully situated on a hill overlooking majestic Lake Victoria.

Right now, all we have is the ground—ten acres of land without a single building. Not a single person lives on the hill. But the location is within easy access of 2,700 Catholics, who will become a part of the new mission after it is cut off from Kowak. It is within easy reach of over 1,000 natives who are studying Catholic doctrine in preparation for baptism.

Actually the new mission will not be separated ecclesiastically until we have sufficient buildings to care for the people. Our building program will start with a kitchen and a store-room. These will serve as my home temporarily. Our next project will

be the building of several structures to contain doctrine classrooms; one of these buildings will serve as a temporary church. Then will come living quarters for the catechumens, who reside at the mission during the six-month course for baptism.

The buildings will be put up as economically as possible. We hope to roof the main ones with cement. Bitter experience has taught the folly of depending on the grass roofs that are so popular in this part of Africa. Happily, Brother Fidelis will take charge of the carpentry work. Bricks will be made and baked in our own kilns.

Our bald and empty hill will soon be anything but that—if ever we get the money to build. It has all the makings of a thriving mission. The hill reminds me of the Ossining knoll on which our major Seminary is situated. Maryknoll got its name from the fact that American missionaries, who wanted to spread the devotion to Mary, lived on a knoll.

And now Maryknollers are dedicating another hill in Our Lady's honor. The Africans living near our hill deserve to be taught about the Mother of God.



August is a Wonderful Month

Everyone wanted a cupcake

by Gorden N. Fritz

TIMES COME in Cavinass when an old-hand missionary feels as spritely as a newly fleeced lamb. (We just fleeced some so I know.) An unusually brilliant reply in catechism (such as one in accordance with the book), an unexpected confession, a perfect attendance at Mass—any one of these tends to make the missionary hitch up his suspenders and think how useful he is. August was this kind of month.

After fifty years, housing on the Cavinass Indian reservation, here in

Bolivia, is far from adequate. Yet of the forty-odd buildings, fewer than a dozen are more than three years old. In fact, in another three years, returning old-timers will feel like the lost children of Israel. If the spiritual life were only as easy!

But even there, the school is a tremendous help.

During the month we had the *Fiesta del Pueblo*. After High Mass there were games and races for the children, with prizes for winners. I was fascinated to note that, no matter

how nice a prize I awarded, each winner wanted a cupcake, from a batch that the schoolteacher had hurriedly made and that I had put aside as consolation prizes for the also-rans.

At my own house, meanwhile, the neighbors were gathering. When I returned, I set the victrola going. In short order, the party became a big dance, with the last of the cupcakes and a few buckets of chicha as refreshments.

On the second day of the fiesta, our major domo arrived. He brought us such good things that he was a delight to see. Twenty stalwart oxen, twenty-five gallons of lard, sixty-odd hides of wild pigs, and nearly five hundred pounds of dried beef. This may not seem like an envious catch; but in this outpost, where we have three hundred mouths to feed, it seemed just a shade less than paradise itself.

With the fiesta over, we settled back into routine. Most of the men had to go out into the jungle, to prepare their land for planting the few sparse crops, and a goodly number of their sons and daughters went along. Only the small fry kept up our never-ending school.

One of the most encouraging of the youngsters is little Coleta. When she came to us, she was the size of



a boiled-down minute, and her voice was even less. For two weeks or more, we could not hear her at all when she spoke; there was only a movement of her lips. Now she is a great help, calling down the other little ones if they don't speak up loudly at the first attempt.

August finished in a blaze of glory. I was nicely tucked into bed when a not-too-welcome scream came roaring up to my window: "Padre, a house is on fire!"

In this region, fire can be tragedy supreme. It could wipe out the whole village, as it once did. Bright flames just a few houses away saved me from asking, "Where?" I grabbed a bucket and a ladder on the run. The fire was well along but confined to the kitchen. We had been having strong winds for four days, but mercifully that night the wind had died to a ripple. A hundred willing hands passed buckets of water. To get the water into the right place, I had to climb to the roof. In half an hour I was hunting for smoking embers. A nice little scare and nothing worse.

This is the second fire we have had here in my time. The same careless woman started both. So God is protecting all His foolish ones.



THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

At the end of the war, Russians marched into Manchuria, and those of us who were freed from Japanese prison camps found ourselves living in Fushun and other cities with Russian soldiers. Some of them possessed attractive personal gifts and gave evidence of high spiritual qualities: thus we were reminded that the Russians, like all the earth's peoples, have been endowed by God with the aptitude to serve Him, as well as with the free will to rebel against Him.

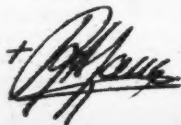
Today, while the very word "Russian" evokes the thought of communism, all who are mindful of God's design will remember that His spiritual benefits are meant for the millions of the Soviet Union as well as for all other peoples of the earth. It is un-Christian and unrealistic to vow hatred against all and sundry Russians, as if all were inherently evil because they are the agents of a philosophy and a system that is bent on grasping all mankind in its evil embrace.

This said, let all of us recognize the rapidly increasing seriousness of the grim, world-wide war that faces us. Since V-J Day, close to half a billion human beings—nearly a quarter of all mankind—have fallen into slavery within lands now dominated by Russian communism. Each year has witnessed the conquest of new millions. We can no longer belittle the peril. Maryknoll's Bishop Walsh, in his

latest letter from Shanghai, writes, "The hour is late, indeed; in fact, here in Shanghai it is midnight." America is fast becoming one of the few oases in the desert.

"The real revolution," said Lenin years ago, "will blaze forth when the eight hundred million of Asia unite with us." This moment seems to draw near.

The program that the Church prescribes in such a crisis is the same that it has employed in every persecution since the first century: to pray, to suffer, to give witness. Maryknoll Missioners, and those of every other missionary family in the Church, will continue to stand by their flocks in Asia and elsewhere. New missionaries will continue to go to the field. Some may pay a great price for their zeal. But let us be convinced of this: when communism shall have advanced to its high-water mark over the world—when it shall have achieved its worst and spent itself—the Church will still be vital and sturdy throughout the globe. Indeed, it will be the more so because of its sufferings. The priests, Brothers, and Sisters of Maryknoll are of the Church's army of action. They will partake, we believe, in stirring battles for God during the next few decades.





Father

Price

Still

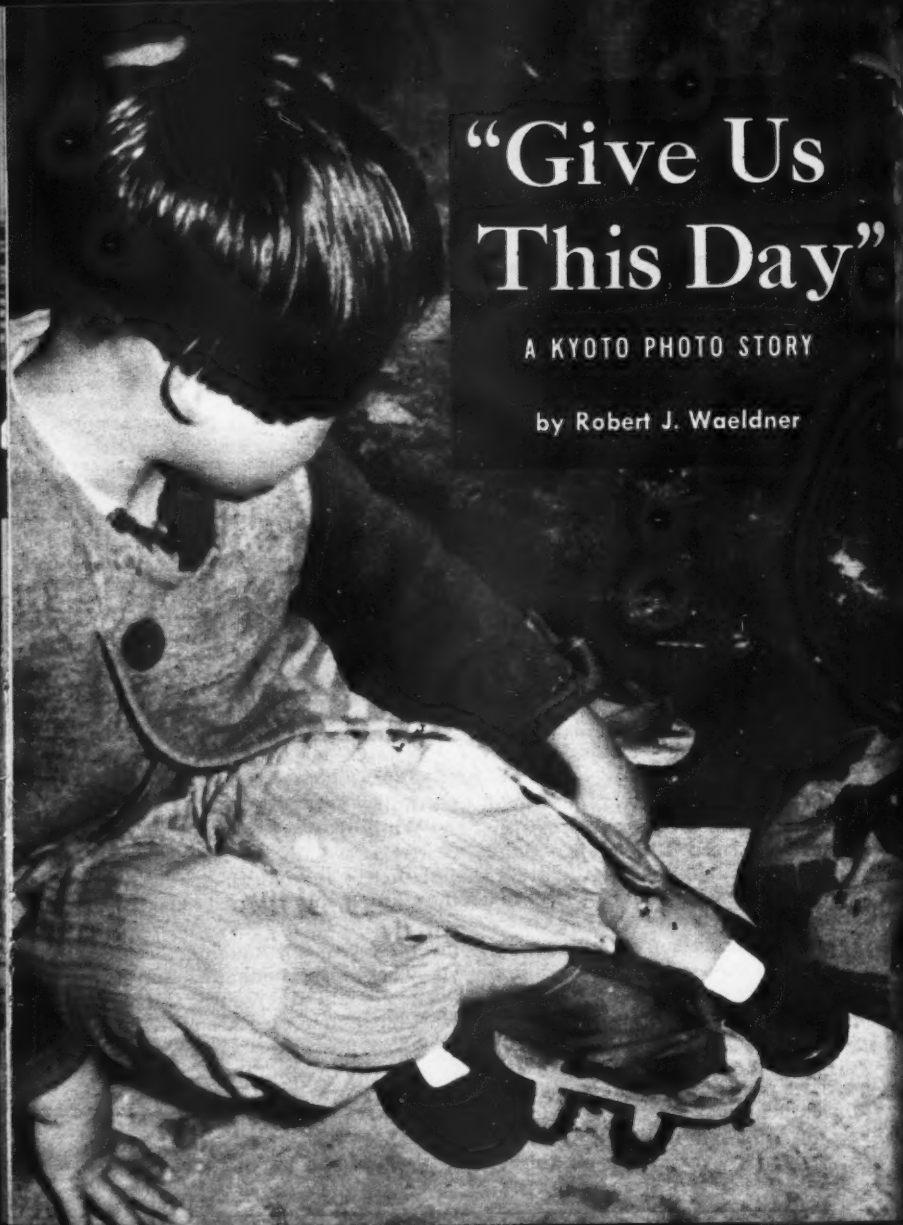
Lives

A MAN from North Carolina visited the major Seminary recently and asked if he might see the grave of Maryknoll's co-founder, Father Thomas Frederick Price. On the way to the cemetery, our visitor explained the reason for his request.

"I was born in North Carolina. Father Price came to our home when I was a boy. I was deathly sick at the time, and doctors despaired of my recovery. My non-Catholic father asked Father Price to pray over me; my father regarded Father Price as a saint. The holy priest prayed, and I recovered. My father became a

Catholic and had me baptized.

"While I was at home, I was reared as a Catholic. In later years I settled in the North, drifted from the Church, and married outside her pale. I came to my senses only when my three-year-old daughter became very sick with meningitis and the doctors could do nothing for her. Her illness reminded me of my own childhood and Father Price. I prayed to him, promising to mend my ways and to return to the Church if he would obtain a cure. My little girl recovered. This visit to Father's grave is the first step on my way back."



"Give Us This Day"

A KYOTO PHOTO STORY

by Robert J. Wældner



Squatted on the sidewalk in front of St. Francis Xavier Church, the little Japanese girl opposite excitedly tries on her first pair of shoes. She and 5,000 other Kyoto poor received shoes as gifts from Father Leo Steinbach below and his charity workers.





Each Saturday 1,200 families line up for the food and clothing that Father Steinbach distributes through his St. Vincent de Paul Society. Some 8,000 families are on the relief rolls for this special aid. Many a businessman and university professor was left destitute by the war.

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To obtain supplies for distribution, each week Father Steinbach and his helpers make trips into the Kyoto countryside. Tons of vegetables, charcoal, fish, wood, and food are donated as a result. In the distribution shown here, the children received bread and shoes; the older folks, food and firewood. Some supplies are sent Father from America.

THE END

Soloma

Trails

A Busy Day in the Saddle

by J. Edmund McClear



I'M WAITING for the day when I'll get a sick call while the sun is shining, and for a patient who lives in the bottom of a valley instead of in the last rickety shack up on the side of an inaccessible mountain. A recent sick call was only eight or nine miles away as the crow flies—but the last crow that tried that route splattered himself against a "stuffed cloud" (the name we have for any mountain here in Guatemala).

I started off in a cloud of dust, but it soon disappeared when rain fell. The rain kept up for four days, as I crossed two mountains and then two more. Finally I asked a native where the sick man's village was. He pointed up another mountain almost hidden by clouds and said the village I was seeking was just

behind those trees in the distance.

In a gruesome sort of way, he was right. I passed those trees, and then passed some more. Finally I poked my head into the clouds around the mountain peak. I spied a hut and called out to the inhabitants, hoping they could direct me to the village of San Jose Flores. Imagine my embarrassment when they assured me that I was in the center of that thriving metropolis! Peering through the fog, I made out the outlines of three dilapidated buildings.

The rain was coming through the straw roof, and the wind was whistling through the cracks in the walls, but the inside of a house looked pretty good to me just then. My Indian hosts built a fire and cooked some *tortillas*, which resembled pan-

cakes left out in the rain all night. After supper, I turned my cot around so that the rain wouldn't hit me in the face, and then dozed off—dreaming of a turkey dinner I had once enjoyed.

But the trip was worth while. Instead of just one sick person, I found four. About a hundred villagers went to confession and Communion. Several children made their First Holy Communion, and I witnessed three marriages. On the second day of my stay, I ran out of medicine; but fortunately I had enough novocain to help me extract all the bad teeth in San Jose Flores.

On the way back to my mission at Soloma, I met a lad of about twelve who held up his hand—what was left of it—for the Padre to look at. One way of celebrating *fiestas* here is to drop a small bomb down a tube and watch it explode and hurl fragments a hundred feet into the air. Apparently this lad had found an unexploded bomb, and had tried to set it off with a match. The bomb had blown most of his hand away: all that remained was a stump with some bones sticking out.

For twelve days the boy had kept his injured hand bandaged in leaves. By this time the stump was badly infected, and amputation was the only hope of saving the boy's life.

But it took me at least an hour to convince the lad and his parents of the necessity of sending him to the

hospital, down in the city of Huchuetenango.

By arranging for a car to pick him up at the end of the mountain road (cost,

\$12)—and promising to supply Mama with corn while he is away (\$6, so far)—and offering to buy him new clothes, and to support Papa temporarily—I finally won the consent of all to have the sufferer sent to the hospital. The poor lad is still down there, because the doctor cannot amputate while the infection remains.

In the past twelve days, I've had eight sick calls. The last one was the worst. The Indians told me that I should be able to use my horse for only the first two hours; the other five would have to be made on foot. I guess the S.P.C.A. would agree with them, but when it started to rain I climbed aboard, promising the horse an extra helping of oats should he still be able to take nourishment when we got there.

I gave the sick girl the Last Sacraments and the benefit of my meager medical knowledge. For sleeping that night, I was given the place of honor: three boards in the middle of the floor. My bed felt soft after a hard day on the trail.

MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD AFAR,
has no paid agents. This does not
prevent our readers from securing
subscriptions among their friends.
Why not enlist yours as Maryknoll
Members and readers of our
magazine?

SOMETHING NEW in Kweilin are Father Daubert's catechism classes in the county jail. The inmates form a cross section of the populace, from lowly coolie to top businessman and schoolteacher. "Seldom had such earnest and attentive audiences," reports Father Daubert.



OUR LADY—

AND THE NEW LOOK

by Bernard R. Garrity

"WE'VE GOT another one, Padre," said the sacristan from the doorway.

"Oh, no! Take it back," I moaned.

"But Padre, this is the best one yet. Long and shiny! Not a trace of a curl, either. I don't like curls in them."

I had to admit that the sacristan was holding in his hands a beautiful head of hair—glossy, silken tresses, at least two feet long. Certainly, it must have cost some young woman abundant tears to have to part with such a crowning glory. But it is too late now to prevent the sacrifice.

"Very well," I said to the sacristan, "we'll keep it. Thank the young lady and tell her that the Virgin will wear it on her next feast day."

Sighing, I turned back to my desk. But I could not get my mind off the subject of the Virgin's statue and its new black tresses.

This tiny jungle settlement along the mud banks of the Beni River, in Bolivia, has a very old and venerable statue of the Blessed Virgin. Upon our arrival, we found the statue charred by fire, and ravaged by weather, insects, and old age. But with the help of a few local "make-up" artists, it gradually began to assume something of a "new look."


Cotton batting was padded into

the holes, and anchored with Scotch tape. Into an old tin that already held a few drops of white paint, were poured several gobs of red ink and some syrupy coffee; then a dash of cigarette-lighter fluid was added as a drying agent. This mixture was kneaded well and plastered over the padded holes. A new hand was manufactured by tying a few twigs together and molding river clay over them.

The rest was easy, because here the people like their statues to wear real clothes. One skillful woman, using a holy picture as a model, fashioned two sets of vestments for the "new" Virgin. One is for daily wear, the other for fiestas.

Proof that the people were charmed with their statue was soon forthcoming. Rather than just let down their hair and cry, the women cut off their hair! It has always been the custom to make promises when praying to the saints. Now, the growing custom here is, when praying to the Virgin for a favor, to promise to give, in return, some hair as an adornment for the Virgin's statue.

To date, this has resulted in four complete sets of hair, plus sundry locks. A new idea is needed, lest soon our statue have all the long tresses in the Beni region!



THIS ROOM HAS BEEN
DONATED BY
MARGARET PERCY
IN MEMORY OF
EDWARD & MARY PERCY

A room in a Maryknoll seminary is a fitting memorial. A plaque on the door reminds the priest or the student occupant to pray daily for your relative or friend. Offering, \$500.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York
Dear Fathers:

I enclose \$_____ toward the five hundred dollars
needed for a memorial room in a Maryknoll seminary.

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

The Maryknoll Roundup

Cure for Baldness? A Maryknoll Missioner from Mahanoy Plane, Pa., Father John F. Lenahan, now stationed in Guatemala, had an unusual request the other day. A little fellow came to him after catechism class and handed him an empty bottle, asking that



Fr. Lenahan

it be filled with oil from the sanctuary lamp. Asked why he wanted the oil, the lad said that his mother had told him it was food for the hair—and he did not want to get bald. With a little pat on the head, Father sent him home—oil-less. Father warns anyone reading this not to raid a sanctuary lamp. It doesn't work. He tried.

Dangerous Company. "After riding beside a man with twenty hand grenades, in a crowded bus, I know how it must feel to sit on a powder keg," reports Father Edwin J. McCabe, a Maryknoll Missioner from Providence, R. I., now working in Kweilin, China. "I was riding on the bus from Chungshan to Patpo, to visit our mission a few miles from Chungshan. The man who shared my seat held an open box on his lap, and the passengers saw that it was filled with hand grenades. China's roads aren't the smoothest in the world, and the bus seemed to hit every bump in the road. After a bad bounce, everyone in the bus

ducked, closed his eyes, and awaited the explosion. At that moment, someone dropped a package—and a groan went through the bus. Then the passengers opened their eyes and settled back to await the next bounce. I asked the man if he felt safe carrying a box of hand grenades on a bumpy bus, and he replied that they couldn't explode as long as the pins didn't come out. It was a great relief, eventually, to say good-bye to my companion."

Chicken-tail Wine. "You need to be a Sherlock Holmes to figure out some Chinese translations of American phrases," says Father Robert W. Greene, of Jasper, Indiana, a Maryknoll Missioner stationed in Pinglo, China. "One of my young helpers asked me to explain a term he had heard used.



Father Greene

He said it sounded like 'chicken-tail wine.' He insisted it was very common in America. I asked the young Chinese if he knew anyone who had tasted chicken-tail wine. He answered that it wasn't a drink, but an event. He said people gathered and talked about other people when they had a chicken-tail wine. It finally dawned on me: the young man was referring to a cocktail party."

Altar Boys' Strike. From a Maryknoll priest of Brookline, Mass. (Father

Arthur E. Brown), now stationed in Nuble, Chile, we received news of unusual trouble that a neighboring Chilean pastor had. The pastor



Father Brown

sought to evict some tenants who lived on church property, because he needs to use the land for a new church and school. The priest was most gracious in his request, and had even found five new and more suitable homes for his tenants. But the families refused to budge. In desperation the pastor called in the civil authorities, and the people were evicted. The catch was that the youngest son of one of the families is an altar boy. When his family was ejected, the entire body of altar boys went on strike — a sympathy strike. Three trying weeks passed before the boys yielded to the pastor. The bishop is worried. "If the altar boys," he said, "start such strikes, what ideas will my priests get?"

Double Impediment. "I'm interested in the Catholic religion," said a patient at the local dispensary, conducted by the Maryknoll Fathers in Pinglo, China, "but an accident

keeps me out of the Church." The priest knew the man had lost his right hand when fishing. His method of catching fish was original and dangerous: he would throw hand grenades into the river and then pick the stunned fish out of the water. The Maryknoller assured the man that loss of a hand wouldn't keep him out of the Church. "Oh, it isn't that," the patient explained. "I have only one hand, but the trouble is that I have two wives."

Keeping in Shape. "We had a rat-extermination program in operation this month," writes Maine's Father

Edward A. Walsh, now stationed in Karasaki, Japan.

"Armed with poison, we decided to do something about the soccer games that go on, day and night over our heads.

The rats really keep in shape with all the running they do. The casualty list was only one corpse, but enough poison disappeared to kill a hundred rats. Anyhow, the noisy games in the attic have ceased. Here's hoping the rats don't come back this way again."



Father Walsh

MARYKNOLL FATHERS
MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

Dear Fathers:

Please send me monthly literature about becoming a Maryknoll (Check one). I understand this does not obligate me in any way.

Priest ()

Brother ()

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Postal Zone _____

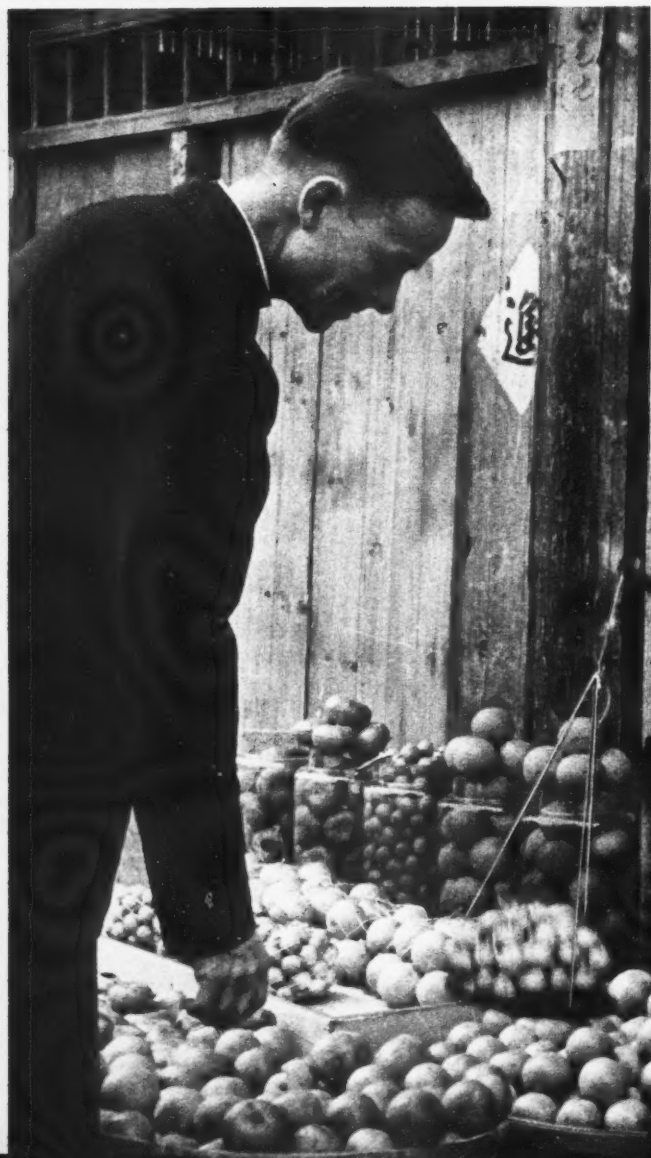
State _____ Age _____ School _____ Grade _____

Everybody Loves a Gadget



"Streamlined Missioner" would be an apt title for Father Edwin McCabe, of Providence, R. I., who is making use of up-to-the-minute technique to win souls in Kweilin, China. From the cop on the beat to the kindergarten toddlers, an eager welcome always awaits Father and his bag of gadgets.







Father McCabe adapts American mechanical and electrical toys for use in China. The youngsters are as fascinated by these as Father himself is intrigued by the many odd customs of Cathay — such as the habit of this vendor (right) to weigh oranges on an improvised hand-scale, while she cradles Baby.





The Chinese will watch the same movie over and over. Missioners report that crowds up to ten thousand thus gain esteem for Christian ideals.



Youngsters the world over are drawn by the simplest gadget. The old-fashioned stereoscope, now in modern dress, is very popular in Kweilin.



Many an American boy or girl would like to have one of these masks for a Halloween party. They, too, are part of Father McCabe's gadget collection.

THE END

The Maryknoll Family

MR. REILLY'S VERY SAD complaint came to Maryknoll's Father Rans. "Don't put any more movies on the St. Paul television, such as we had the other night," he said. "It got all the fellows at the bar so tied up, I didn't sell a glass of beer for twenty-three minutes.

"Worst of all, it got me in my soft spot as well. Here's five dollars to help along your work."

Mr. Reilly's protests were aimed at the new Maryknoll motion picture, "The Miracle of Blue Cloud County." In twenty-three minutes of gripping action, this film reveals the secret that Maryknoll friends constantly ask us to unfold—how the American priest who plunges into the heart of China, or any other country, succeeds in winning converts so staunch that they and their children are prepared to fight and die for Christ.

Another motion picture just out of production undertakes to explain who these priests are who work as Maryknollers overseas. You've guessed it: they're your neighbors, typical young Catholic Americans who have had the generosity to follow Christ's call out over the ocean. This picture carries the title, "The Kid Down the Block."

AGAIN THIS YEAR we recorded a litany of remarkable sacrifices by those who determined to help send

our 1949 missionaries overseas. One of our priests in California received a check for \$500 from Miss Hilda McTee, whose address was a fashionable mansion on Gorgeous Drive. "I've been saving for a vacation," Hilda wrote. "But I'm afraid one of your fine young priests might be short a ticket."

Father thought such special kindness deserved a personal word of gratitude, so he rang the Gorgeous Drive doorbell. To his pleasant surprise he discovered that Hilda was one of the housemaids. "I was doubly happy," he remarks, "that I had followed the impulse to call and thank Hilda."

HERE AT MARYKNOLL we possess a deepened admiration for the clergy of Australia, thanks to a recent visit of Monsignor James Hanan, of Melbourne. Monsignor was for years Australia's National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. At the end of the war, he was disturbed by the plight of Catholic missions throughout the islands of the South Pacific, and he organized, under the hierarchy, a drive for the enlistment of Australian clergy for emergency terms of five years in the mission field. A total of fifty-six priests volunteered and twenty-seven were sent abroad. One of these was Monsignor Hanan himself, who went to the North Solomons. Congratu-

lations to the folks "Down Under!"

Odds and Ends

NOT ONE BUT TWO trophies figure in the sports contests between the New York Archdiocesan Seminary, at Dunwoodie, and Maryknoll. At the latest get-together, held as the school year drew to a close, the Maryknollers took home the track-meet trophy, but that for baseball stayed at Dunwoodie. Both trophies are gifts of Cardinal Spellman.

Relations between Dunwoodie students and Maryknollers have been very cordial since the time, a generation ago, when New York's seminarians invited the little group of pioneer Knollers to pass a holiday with them. Ever since that day, there have been annual get-togethers at both seminaries.

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DEAR FATHERS,

My husband is in the midst of his first semester as an instructor at the College, after finishing a year and a half of graduate work on the G. I. Bill of Rights. Needless to say, when it came to a choice between eating and Maryknoll, the flesh won out.

However, now we are once more on a salary and not using up all our savings. I have decided that we can eat macaroni and cheese one more night a week, and start sending you a monthly contribution once more as Maryknoll Sponsors. The enclosed five dollars is our first of the new series. I'm sure the missionary for whom it buys food will note a particularly good taste in what he buys with it, since it comes from a couple of people who know what it means to be hungry.

J. E. G., California

The Maryknoll Family

MR. REILLY'S VERY SAD complaint came to Maryknoll's Father Rans. "Don't put any more movies on the St. Paul television, such as we had the other night," he said. "It got all the fellows at the bar so tied up, I didn't sell a glass of beer for twenty-three minutes.

"Worst of all, it got me in my soft spot as well. Here's five dollars to help along your work."

Mr. Reilly's protests were aimed at the new Maryknoll motion picture, "The Miracle of Blue Cloud Country." In twenty-three minutes of gripping action, this film reveals the secret that Maryknoll friends constantly ask us to unfold—how the American priest who plunges into the heart of China, or any other country, succeeds in winning converts so staunch that they and their children are prepared to fight and die for Christ.

Another motion picture just out of production undertakes to explain why these priests are who work as Maryknollers overseas. You've guessed it: they're your neighbors, typical young Catholic Americans who have had the generosity to follow Christ's call out over the ocean. This picture carries the title, "The Kid Down the Block."

AGAIN THIS YEAR we recorded a litany of remarkable sacrifices by those who determined to help send

our 1949 missionaries overseas. One of our priests in California received a check for \$500 from Miss Hilda McTee, whose address was a fashionable mansion on Gorgeous Drive. "I've been saving for a vacation," Hilda wrote. "But I'm afraid one of your fine young priests might be short a ticket."

Father thought such special kindness deserved a personal word of gratitude, so he rang the Gorgeous Drive doorbell. To his pleasant surprise he discovered that Hilda was one of the housemaids. "I was doubly happy," he remarks, "that I had followed the impulse to call and thank Hilda."

HERE AT MARYKNOLL we possess a deepened admiration for the clergy of Australia, thanks to a recent visit of Monsignor James Hanan, of Melbourne. Monsignor was for years Australia's National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. At the end of the war, he was disturbed by the plight of Catholic missions throughout the islands of the South Pacific, and he organized, under the hierarchy, a drive for the enlistment of Australian clergy for emergency terms of five years in the mission field. A total of fifty-six priests volunteered and twenty-seven were sent abroad. One of these was Monsignor Hanan himself, who went to the North Solomons. Congratu-

lations to the folks "Down Under!"

Odds and Ends

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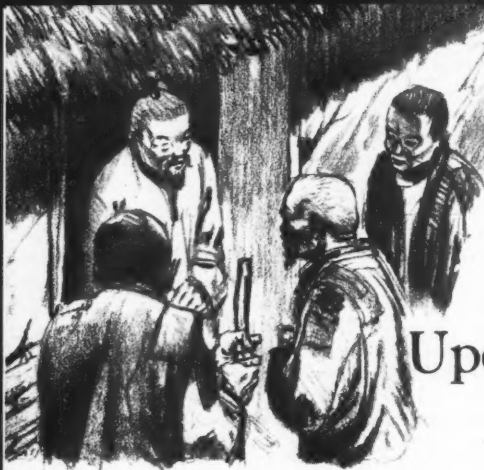
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Cast Your Rice Upon the Waters

by George M. Carroll

A true story of lepers and Christlike charity

JOHN PAK had had a hard day. Father Paul had sent him to one of the outstations of the Golden Village Parish, and John looked forward to eating a good, hot supper and then retiring early.

He was washing his hands, when he heard a knock at the door, followed by the familiar Korean greeting: "Is the master of the house at home?"

John opened the door and found standing outside three men. One, evidently the oldest, stepped forward and bowed.

"We are lepers," he said. "Can you give us alms?"

John Pak came from an old Catholic family, and his thorough Christian training manifested itself immediately. "Come into my house and rest yourselves," invited John.

The words took the lepers by surprise. Could this man be in his right mind? Did he really mean what he

said? Those questions were answered when John helped each poor, unfortunate to step up to the entrance of the house. John brought cushions for his visitors, and urged them to be seated. The lepers were so overcome by the kindness shown them that it was some moments before they could speak.

Their host asked his wife to prepare extra food, and he personally served the lepers when the rice was brought in. This was the first good meal the poor outcasts had had in many a day, and they fell to in silence. Only after the last bit had been consumed and the dishes cleared away, was the silence broken with grateful words of thanks to their benefactor.

John then talked to the lepers about the Catholic Faith. He told them that, although they had many trials and hardships in their bodies, yet there was something in each of them—a soul—that would never die.

It was destined to live forever. He told them of Christ and His love for men like them; of how He had cured lepers, and given them more than bodily health

— the far greater gift of Faith. John explained Baptism. Then he told his hearers about lay baptism and showed them how

to administer it when necessary.

Well into the night, the group sat and talked. When at last the lepers said they would have to be on their way, John insisted that they stay and sleep in his house. He would not think of sending them out on such a cold night. The lepers protested, but John's kind insistence won. As Koreans do not use beds, John arranged the usual native quilts on the floor, for his guests.

When good-night had been said, John went out to a storeroom and spread a sleeping mat and comforter for himself. After his usual prayers, he added one of thanksgiving because he had been allowed to show special kindness to some of his Lord's least brethren.

In the morning, the three lepers were served breakfast. Then they took their leave with glistening eyes and many expressions of thanks to John and his family. After their departure, John hastened to the house of the Korean pastor, Father Paul, to begin his day's work. As a busy catechist, he was absorbed in the details of his job, and he soon forgot the incident of the leper guests.

Some two years later, the Pak family moved to Mercy Village, fifty

miles away, where John was to work as catechist for Father Peter, a young priest on his first assignment in a new mission. As usual, John made

It costs more than a dollar a day to sustain a missionary in the field overseas. Can and will you sponsor him by giving a dollar or two each month toward his maintenance?

a point of mingling with the villagers in their streets and market place, so that he could greet the Christians and get acquainted with the non-

Christians, as they did their buying, selling, and "window shopping."

One day, soon after his arrival, while John was talking with a group of farmers, he felt a tug at his long overcoat. Turning, he saw an elderly beggar, a leper. In spite of the fact that part of his face was eaten away by the dreadful disease, the man was smiling as he bowed. John asked the beggar what he wanted.

The leper, slowly and in the husky voice that is characteristic of leprosy of the throat, asked if he was speaking to John Pak, the catechist of the Catholic church in Golden Village. John replied that he was. The leper then told John that he was one of the three men whom John had treated with extraordinary kindness two years earlier.

A group of bystanders had formed, and they heard the old man review the story of the Catholic catechist's charity. The details had never been forgotten by the three lepers. They told the tale of the kind welcome, the good food, and the comfortable lodging, to every other leper they met in their travels. The tale had become a legend, and all the lepers of the region spoke of John Pak with reverence, the old man said.

The beggar went on to relate that, on at least twenty different occasions since John had explained to them the manner of giving lay baptism, he had baptized lepers who were dying. They had instructed the lepers as best they could, on the basis of what they remembered from the instructions John had given them. Thus heaven had been opened to the souls of twenty outcasts, as a result of a few kind deeds and a little explanation about the Catholic Church.

The leper told John that there were about two hundred unfortunates like himself, gathered in one place—a spot appointed by the Government. All of those lepers wished to know more about the religion that taught its followers to show such great kindness to the poor and lowly—even to lepers. They would be very happy to have John visit and talk with them, and tell them about his God.

There were about twenty lepers in Mercy Village that day, begging.

When they learned that John was in the village, they pooled the money they had collected. Then they insisted that John have lunch at their expense, and they bought a basket of apples for him to take home to his family.

Since that day, Father Peter and John Pak have been regular visitors to the leper colony. A chapel is being built there, by the lepers themselves. Many among them will be ready for baptism soon. All these developments have given great happiness to the zealous catechist. When John told us his story, he concluded:

"Little did I think that my words about the Faith would bring such a transformation in the lives of these poor unfortunates.

"Truly the words of Holy Writ have come true: 'Cast your bread upon the running waters, and it shall come back to you.' Christ is showing His gratitude to us once again: 'As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me.'"



Many Eggs in One Basket

The story you have just read on the preceding pages is a true one that teaches a lesson in basic Christian charity. How many Christians, devout though they be, would invite lepers into their homes? Every day our missionaries and their helpers

receive unusual requests for aid. Most of the help must be given immediately, and to advertise for funds would be impossible. To take care of such contingencies, we have established the Maryknoll Charity Fund, from which our missionaries are able to assist tens of thousands of people ill of all kinds of disease.

Your donation to the Charity Fund will make you the missionary's partner. It will give him the power to assist lepers, the starving, the homeless, the diseased. By means of it, you, too, can "cast your bread upon the waters."

Cooks I Have Met

by Arthur F. Allie

NEXT TO HAVING a refreshing bath after an exhausting trip over the mountains or through the jungle, a good cook is one of the missionary's compensations for self exile. But alas! The majority of missionaries have to endure not only exile, solitude, and journeys, but also at times, their own cooking!

In civilized countries men solve the eating problem by marrying the cook. Some find out too late that not even marriage has helped them in their quest for eatable food. A platinum blonde is a poor substitute for burnt steak or soggy potatoes. The missionary is prevented by his priestly vows from solving his problem so easily. For him there is only one way out, and that is to make the most of what the Lord sends in the way of food and the person who will prepare it.

It has been my experience to sample the food of mission cooks, both male and female, in the Far East as well as below the Rio Grande. And I have found that, when it comes to incompetence, gold medals could be given out indiscriminately.

There was a famous cook down in Guatemala. She came with the most glowing recommendations of her prowess. For instance: she once cooked for fifty men; she could cook the finest food you ever tasted, whether

you wished it according to the American, French, German, or Latin-American cuisine. We hired her on the spot.

It didn't take us long to understand how she had cooked for fifty men. It had not been for all of them at one time! It couldn't have been more than one day at a time, for each of them. No more could have been endured. When she had exhausted her supply of fifty men, she had landed on our doorstep.

She began rattling the stove at five-thirty in the morning, and by nine-thirty the coffee was hot. Twelve o'clock lunch was ready by two-thirty. We started off with soup, but immediately after came the dessert. What came in between, she did not have time to bother about.

But the Lord is to be praised. Just when things seem the most hopeless, and there appears to be no remedy but a can-opener, along comes an excellent cook who can turn out dishes fit for a king. We've stumbled across this rare species in Mexico, Guatemala, and Korea.

What a blessing good cooks are! They preserve the health and sanity of missionaries who are burning up their energies teaching the Gospel and should not be impeded by suffering from indigestion and chronic malnutrition.

by Charles J. Schmidt

MANCHU



EXILE

FATHER ARMAND JACQUES' fiftieth birthday was the occasion for quite a celebration here in Hoingan, South China. Monsignor Romaniello speaking at the dinner, recalled the words of a Jewish friend in Stamford, Connecticut: "The Lord owes you fifty, and after that it's profit."

With the fields white for the harvest in the Kweilin Diocese, it appears that the Lord has much work in store for Father Jacques, our "Manchu exile" from Red territory. This Maryknoller came here only a year ago, but already he has hundreds under instruction.

His tiny chapel is a native house and it is too small. He hopes to build soon, but difficulties in regard to property and construction are many. However, Father intends to go ahead, for, as he says: "If we can not build immediately, the important thing is to build the Church in their hearts."

Father Lloyd Glass lent Father a catechist, though his own need of native helpers is great. In addition, Father Jacques has three catechists who had been with him in Manchuria. They fled from the Reds and found their way to South China.

Father Jacques has a pleasant smile and friendly ways. His kindness has attracted many non-Christians to him. One day, when out for a walk,

he stopped to talk to a Chinese woman who was suffering from a bad sore on her leg. As Father Jacques did not have medicine with him, he asked the name of the woman's village, and promised to call there to treat her leg the next day. News of this unusual display of charity spread through that village, and now over a hundred people from there are studying the doctrine.

Father Jacques keeps some of his catechists busy helping him run the dispensary. Many a Chinese will approach the catechist who took care of him in the dispensary if he sees the catechist on the street. Whereas the average Chinese would be too timid to talk to a foreigner. Very often people would like to join the Church, but being very polite, they feel that they must be introduced formally to the priest, and be invited by him to study the doctrine. Catechists are invaluable because they know the best way to overcome this timidity.

Father Jacques' medical work has even saved lives. One case was that of a Chinese girl near death in the Laipo convent. Penicillin treatments by our "Manchu exile" brought about a rapid recovery. When Father Joseph Sweeney was stricken with a ruptured appendix, Father Jacques' penicillin again was effective.



They Need Backing

THIS PAGE offers you a share in a great enterprise.

It indicates an active part you can take in spreading the kingdom of God on earth.

1. You can provide facilities for training young Americans to help others to help themselves.

2. Your missionary will preach, teach, baptize, attend the dying. He will represent Our Lord and you in feeding the hungry, in clothing the naked, in comforting those in sorrow, in burying the dead.

3. By making it possible for a young American to become a foreign-mission priest, you will share in his Masses, his prayers, his labor for God and souls—and in his reward.

Maryknoll is constructing a seminary at Glen Ellyn, near Chicago, to train more missionaries. Will you accept a share of the burden? Any gift, large or small, will be gratefully welcomed.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.

To help an American boy become a Maryknoll priest:

I enclose \$ _____ toward the fund needed to build the Maryknoll seminary, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

I enclose \$ _____ for your Brick-a-Month Club. Please send me a monthly reminder.

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

THREE-MINUTE Meditation

*"Whosoever shall exalt himself,
shall be humbled. . ."*

(Matt. xxiii: 12)

TA X COLLECTORS were extremely unpopular in Palestine during Our Lord's time. They were the Quislings of that day: Jews working for the Roman occupation authorities.

And yet we know that one tax collector was a close friend of Our Lord. Matthew was among the twelve men who were to carry His message to the ends of the earth—proving once again that grace can work wonders in transforming men.

That Saint Matthew, whose feast is celebrated on September 21, made an excellent missionary, we cannot doubt. But not a word has come down to us from his pen, about his career as a missionary. That he could write, and write well, is beyond question. The Gospel he wrote is regarded as one of the masterpieces of literature.

Perhaps Saint Matthew thought it better to concentrate all his abilities as an author on Jesus Christ. He left us a beautiful account of the Master. He could have written a stirring narrative of his own life as a missionary; he preferred to hide himself.

But as Our Lord said, the humble shall be exalted. Saint Matthew is famous today; he was yesterday; he will be till the last convert is made.

Conclusion: Humility is a wonderful virtue. A little more of it wouldn't do the least bit of harm to the best of us.

For the Soul

THE PRESENT GENERATION is a cause more of concern than of pride to most reflective people. God has seen fit to cast our lot in a very disturbed period of the world's history. The men and women of our generation have never known a true and stable peace, and we know it less than ever today. All of us are well aware of the turmoil that characterizes our restive age, and we are inevitably affected by it.

THE LONGING FOR PEACE that we find in our hearts was deeply implanted there by God; it is natural for us to desire it. We come from quiet, well-ordered homes where peace was a blessing to be taken for granted. Yet the fact that we have had so little of it in the after years of our adult lives should have taught us not to expect it too readily. For many of us God may have designed to reserve it as a reward in heaven. Life in our time is a struggle and a warfare in many of its aspects. A battle for the soul of the world is going on at this moment, and we cannot stand aside from it as if it did not concern us. This is true of every Catholic.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN is in trouble. Not having found its principle of order in the religion of Christ, as intended, it fell into disorder. The complex problems of modern life that came crowding in on it added to the ferment. A sick world resulted. Nobody knows what will happen to it now. It is torn by conflicting philosophies. It is agitated by every wind of doctrine. It is solicited and intrigued by schemers of every description, until it does not know where to

of the World

turn; its state is one of confusion. Our world has not known where to look for its peace. We have lived in an era of spiritual, and sometimes of physical, chaos.

MEN AND WOMEN of every land feel the general unrest and are affected by the chronic and widespread spiritual disorder. Great numbers of human beings all over the world live without God and die without a blessing. Lacking definite spiritual convictions, they easily follow false guides, wander into wrong paths, plod blindly through their drab and unhappy lives, and fail to find the peace on earth that is promised to men of good will.

IF THIS CONDITION WERE simply the negative result of our failure to reach the people everywhere with the truth of Christ, it would be lamentable enough. But the situation is even more serious and more dangerous, because it results in equal measure from the active efforts of those who seek to pervert the people. Under our very eyes, the declared enemies of God are making a determined attempt to walk off with a world that belongs by every title to Christ its Saviour.

Why God asks this struggle from our generation, we do not know; we only know that He asks it. We believe, however, that He gives all of us special graces to do our part. The difficulty of the task should be measured not by our weakness, but by His strength. The cleavage in men's minds, and the strife it engenders, serve by their very pressure to bring millions to the point of soul decision. For those armed with the charity of Christ, an age of struggle can become an open door.

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

This Month's Cover

If you should ask the Korean girl on our cover, "What's your name?" she would give her name Korean fashion: "Kim, Maria." But there is nothing backward about the way she makes a dash for the swing after the eight o'clock Mass of a Sunday morning. Maria can well be proud of being a Korean. Thousands of her countrymen died for the true Faith.





Now Sonny Wants Milk

by John So

CHAN MING and his wife, Ah Ying, were walking home from Sunday Mass. Chan Ming was carrying his two-year-old son. As they walked, Ah Ying remembered that the rice jar at home was empty, so she said, "We must buy some rice this morning."

"Not rice! Not rice!" interrupted the two-year-old.

"Not rice?" the mother asked gently. "What do you want, then?"

"I want milk!"

The little lad had acquired a taste for powdered milk, a great deal of which had been sent to China with relief supplies after the war. Chan Ming and his wife laughed loudly at their child's desire.

"Milk, my darling?" the mother said, smilingly. "All right, I will give you some when we get home."

Just around the corner was the

rice shop. The couple went in and asked the price of rice.

"Four dollars for one pound," answered the storekeeper.

"So dear? Was it not three dollars and fifty cents yesterday?"

"Yes, madam," countered the shopman, "and two months ago, was it not a hundred pounds for ten dollars?"

"Yes, it was."

"So, it is not the rice that is going up; it is the money that is going down!"

Ah Ying pondered for a moment. Then she said to her husband: "Rice—or I should say, money—goes that way. How can we figure our living expenses? How much money have you still got?"

"Just one hundred dollars," he answered.

They bought twenty pounds of rice, and started home.

On the way Ah Ying said: "Now you have only twenty dollars left, and you won't get more until next month. How are we going to keep meat and vegetables on the table, to say nothing of meeting the other expenses?"

Chan Ming said nothing. But he said to himself: "The boy wants milk, not rice. Rice is not enough for my wife; she wants meat and vegetables with it. Yet in times such as these, we're lucky to have even salt with our rice. Not many families are as fortunate as mine, to have even a few days' supply of rice on hand."

The young husband realized that his salary would not allow him to buy much meat while pork was twenty-eight dollars a pound. And then he thought of a solution: In his heart he said, "O God, give us our daily rice."

THE LATIN-AMERICAN

BING

by Frederick P. Walker

A FEW YEARS AGO, Jose Mojica was a very personable motion-picture actor who, though his home was in Mexico, was known in every village of every Latin-American country, down to the Antarctic Circle. Because of his charming voice, cinema addicts below the Rio Grande liked to call him the Bing Crosby of Latin America.

Imagine everybody's astonishment when Jose Mojica announced that he was giving up his bright career and becoming a Franciscan friar! Jose chose to enter the Franciscan house of training in the beautiful and historical city of Cuzco, Peru. Several Maryknollers in Peru called on him there and found him always happy to serve their Mass.

Now the former star of the screen has mounted the altar and is known as Fray Jose de Guadalupe. While he exercises his zealous ministry in Lima, his words are welcomed by millions in every part of the Latin-American world. One of Chile's great dailies has just carried an interview with him, and it contains some novel and interesting recommendations.

The central theme of Fray Jose's words is the building for Peru of an effective body of Franciscan missionaries who will be numerous enough and vigorous enough to meet all the varying needs of Peru's population, from isolated dwellers in the high mountains to the wandering tribes

in the untamed Peruvian jungles.

Because the terrain of Peru is difficult, Fray Jose concluded that a new and distinctive aim of his community should be the preparation of "friar athletes." The objective should be, he says, "to obtain men who are holy, wise, healthy, and manly." Of course Fray Jose recognizes as a first requisite a solid spiritual foundation. The second requirement is a good education; the third is physical strength. The last requirement, Fray Jose believes, has often been overlooked.

Fray Jose's interview was not merely casual talk. His superiors have approved his plan for the construction of three new houses of training, located in Arequipa, Cuzco, and Lima. Fray Jose will employ every modern means, including programs of religious songs and conferences on the network of the National Radio of Peru, to gain popular support for his program. He is already ingeniously organizing "Franciscan chains" for securing financial backing.

His plea for "friar athletes" will have practical bearing on the installations of the three training houses. Franciscan seminaries in the United States take it for granted that their students will engage in sports and other activities aimed at increasing physical health and strength. In some countries of Latin America, this is a new departure.

Sugar cane isn't wrapped in cellophane, but Sister Margaret Rose assures us that sugar cane is as good a substitute for candy as a person can find in Kowak, Africa.



Sister Rose Anna is fascinated by the ease with which Nicaraguan girls balance awkward and heavy burdens on the top of their heads.



AFIELD *with the* MARYKNOLL

SISTERS

CHINA • JAPAN • KOREA

MANCHURIA • CEYLON • CAROLINES • PHILIPPINES

HAWAII • PANAMA • NICARAGUA • BOLIVIA • AFRICA

Counter Offensive. "Sister, may we have some Tagalog catechisms?" asked three of our senior high-school boys.

"Yes. But what are you going to do with them?" queried Sister Aquinata.

"We have gathered ten children from Tanong, who will come to church on Sunday. You know the non-Catholics down there are very active. We'd better do something! We're going to teach those ten children their religion."—*From St. James Academy, Malabon, P. I.*

Keeping in Practice. Sister Mary Gregoria's proficiency in Japanese acquired in prewar days in Korea, is once more being put to work. The St. Francis Xavier Club was on the verge of sending to Japan for a catechist, to instruct a group of Japanese people interested in the Faith; then they found that Sister Gregoria could speak Japanese. She is zealously taking over, happy to help. — *From St. Michael's School, Waiialua, T. H.*

A Blessed Alternative. Saturday, a school holiday, floods our narrow streets with hordes of playing children. So, for sixty non-Catholics among them, we established a special

choir and began to hold Saturday rehearsals. This provides a good outlet for exuberant spirits and, please God, another pathway to grace for many souls.—*From Tsu, Japan.*

The Momentous Question. Sister Rosalia is at Tung Uen, conducting a catechumenate, and she asked our school to provide mounted holy cards for distribution to new Catholics and catechumens, whose homes have no evidences of their new Faith. Our students are vying with one another, mounting the brightest religious pic-

Once in Fifteen Years

A boy came to our house because he had no shoes for tomorrow's great event, his First Holy Communion. We sent him downtown with our odd-job man. The boy is fifteen, and because he has never worn shoes before, his feet are very broad; but a pair was purchased which fitted him. Our odd-job man made this comment, "Sister, I bet he will sleep with his shoes on tonight!"

—*Nicaragua Sisters*

tures they can find, on the most colorful construction paper. The effects are definitely Chinese, but undoubtedly, just what will please the people most.

The fervor of all those assisting in our catechetical work reminds us of the spirit in the early Church. Every moment not given to group or individual instruction is spent in visiting the homes of the Chinese who are studying the doctrine. At each home, the momentous question now is where to hang the holy picture! — *From Sacred Heart School, Wuchow, China.*

Sewing Before Breakfast. Returning from Mass one morning, two Maryknoll Sister-Doctors found an emergency case waiting for them at the door. A young boy of four tender years had been cruelly kicked by a horse; his forehead had been lacerated to the bone. The Sisters had a sewing session before breakfast. Early that evening, a little girl whose playmate had thrown a stone at her came to the hospital with a long gash over one eye. The Sister-Doctors ended the day with another sewing session. — *From Sacred Heart Hospital, Riberalta, Bolivia.*

46 Maryknoll Sisters Go

to the Missions of
China, Japan, the Pacific Islands,
and Latin America

THE SPIRITUAL NEEDS of hundreds of millions urges the Sisters on. Science and war have failed to give the desired peace. Only Christ's gospel, faithfully lived, will bring unity and concord to the world.

* * *

AMERICA is generously sharing its material goods and scientific knowledge with the poor of alien lands. What a challenge to American Catholics to share their gift of the Faith!

* * *

NEVER BEFORE was the call of missions so loud and clear. You may not be able to go, but you can share in the work of the missions. You can help a Sister-missioner to reach her destination and, through her work for souls, you can share your gift of the Faith with others.

For each Sister, \$500 is the approximate amount needed for transportation. A huge sum! Yes—but the Sisters are counting on their friends for contributions, large or small. They are counting on you.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS

MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK

Dear Sisters:

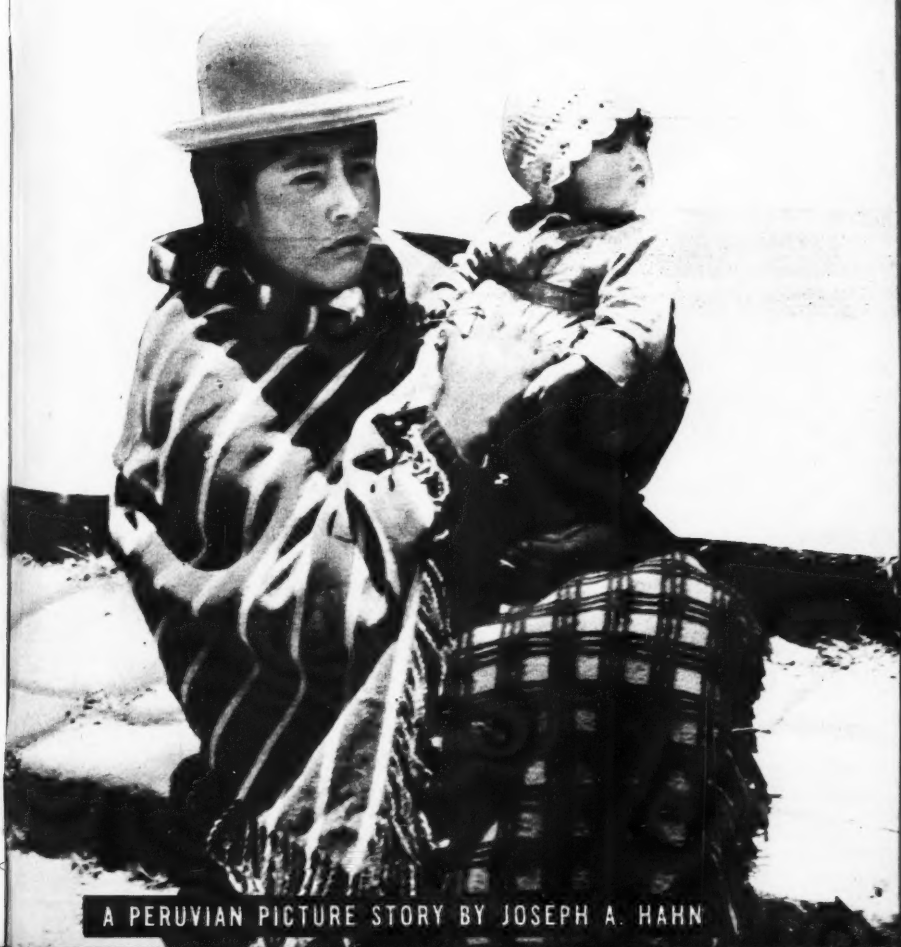
I wish to contribute \$_____ to help a Maryknoll Sister go to the missions and, through her work for souls, to share my gift of the Faith with others.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____Zone_____State_____

Let's Spend the Day in Puno



A PERUVIAN PICTURE STORY BY JOSEPH A. HAHN



Climb aboard this truck with Father John A. Waldie, of New York City, and take a spin around the Puno countryside, high in the Andean mountains.







From your perch, you will see the simple, unlettered poor, outside their mud-walled homes. Here are people made old quickly by climate and work.



Perhaps you will catch sight of a missionary like Father Donald C. Cleary, of Newark, N. J., as he chats among the folk he has come so far to assist.



In the larger villages, you will see picturesque Indian mothers and their derby-clad offspring, sitting before an ancient and frayed church. Your trip will be rugged, as there are no luxurious highways in this earth-gashed section of Peru. But your day in Puno will give you a good idea of the missionary's hard life and knotty problems in the cold sierra.

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for EVERYBODY



JESUS HELPS
EVERYBODY



ANOTHER DELIGHTFUL LOOK AT JESUS

Bright, reverent, engaging pictures by Jack Jewell; sparkling text by Julie Bedier. JESUS HELPS EVERYBODY is the second book in a series covering the life of Christ for children 8 to 11. \$1.00.

The first book, JESUS COMES FOR EVERYBODY, is also \$1.00 and an all-year-round favorite.

SPECIAL LATIN-AMERICAN OFFER

Two Units and a Brochure for classroom use. Recommendation from Catholic University: "Your Units are by all odds the finest in the field."

Units: How the People of the Andes Live.....	\$1.50
How the People of Mexico Live.....	1.00
Brochure: Our Neighbors of the Andes.....	.75

Value \$3.25

\$3.25 Value for \$1.90

ROSARIES for the FAMILY

For Father and the Boys: No. 311 Sterling mounting, black or brown beads, \$3.75; No. 301 Oxide mounting, black beads, \$1.75.

For Mother and the Girls: No. 321 Silver beads in round Maryknoll case, \$3.75; No. 310 Amethyst, blue or green beads, \$2.50.

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New 1949 designs. Three subjects. Original art painted by James Flax in full color. Each card has a truly Catholic message—Christmas and missionary. Quality cards with envelopes.

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We will imprint your name on orders of not less than 100 cards. Write your name clearly, exactly as you want it reproduced.

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201 to 500 cards, 3.00 for imprint
501 to 1,000 cards, 5.00 for imprint

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MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

Altar in Chile: Father Sheridan hopes for an altar for his mission church; \$200 would provide a suitable one.

Twenty Benches, \$2 Each. Not very fancy church furniture—but very much better than no pews at all! In Father Foody's mission in Chile, the parishioners must stand or sit on the floor. Think what your gift of a few dollars can mean to them!

To Honor the Blessed Virgin Mary, a chapel is to be erected by Father Ryan, in Japan. Cost will be \$1,000. Who can spare it?

A Bird's-Eye View of one Maryknoll chapel in Africa would include far too much! No bird should be able to look in where the roof ought to be. The walls are up—but to top them with a roof will cost \$500. Until some friend comes forward with the money, nothing can be done.

A \$500 Rectory to house Father Brannigan in an African mission, is inexpensive housing. Would someone like to donate it?

Jeep of Peace. "The finest military vehicle ever designed" is also a wonderful transportation aid for Maryknoll Missioners in Japan. A jeep can be bought for \$1,500. Let us mechanize our missions!

In Canton, China, a monstrance is needed for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Its cost will be \$100. Who will give it?

A Horse for Sick Calls is the request of Father Carroll, in Chile. Steeds are needed by Fathers Krock and Ratterman, in Guatemala, also. Cost \$100 each. Put a missionary in the saddle!

Mass Kits are needed by Father Rhodes and Father Regan in China. But neither has the price—\$150.

A Motorcycle would get Father Murphy, in Africa, to his outstations quickly. Father John Lenahan, in Guatemala, would find a motorcycle very helpful. The price? \$600 each.

From Peru. Father Donnelly asks for \$25 for a year's supply of Mass candles, and \$15 each for pews for his church.

For a Convent in Africa, Father Collins puts in a plea: \$6 for 1,000 bricks; \$3 for a bag of cement; \$2 for a bag of lime; \$25 each for four beds; \$15 each for tables; \$30 each for windows. This African need is urgent. Can you give one or more of these items?

Shoes and Books are needed in Japan, for poor children. A \$5 gift for this purpose will be welcome.

Bishop Paschang, in China, would like to build a church on Sancian Island, near the spot where St. Francis Xavier died. A bag of cement costs \$3; a bag of lime, \$1; pews, \$12 each. Would a bag or two, or a pew, interest you?



Mission Needs in Japan

Shoes and books for poor	\$25.00
Hosts for Mass	25.00
Support for catechist	20.00
Wine for Mass	30.00
Candles for Mass	50.00
Catholic literature for distribution	100.00
Christmas Crib	50.00
Windows for church	75.00
Medicine for poor	35.00
Food for hungry	50.00
Shelter for homeless	25.00
Clothes for refugees	10.00

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